

REAL MONEY IN A GOOD NAME

Inventor Edison Blocks an Attempt of Crafters to Fleeced the Public.

FOOLISH SON STIRS WIZARD TO ACTION

Now the Youngster Was Hoped Into a Company So that His Name Might Be Used—Fraud Order Issued.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, took drastic means to protect his name and by the same means exposed a skeleton in the family closet.

At the request of Mr. Edison, supplemented by ample proof, the Federal court issued a fraud order against "The Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Chemical Company of New York" and its officers.

The order includes also Thomas A. Edison, Jr., son of the electrical wizard, and the evidence in the case indicates a state of strained relations between father and son.

The Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Chemical company advertised its device extensively. In one of its statements it said that young Edison had refused \$750,000 for his invention.

It was stated also that young Edison had inherited the inventive genius of his father, but had devoted it to the cause of humanity and was proving his philanthropy by offering the magneto-electric vibrator for sale at cost—88.

Readers of the advertisement were invited to send a description of their ailments to Thomas A. Edison, Jr., at the company's address and it was shown by the evidence submitted that responses were sent to these to the effect that young Edison had found that the symptoms described were such as could be cured by his invention.

Assistant Attorney General Goodwin, in the opinion recommending the fraud order, says:

"It appears that the article which the company is endeavoring to sell to the public is inoperative; that all matters of opinion relative to its curative power for disease, and other matters of opinion, are made dishonestly, and with intent to deceive and that false and fraudulent representations are made regarding foreign patents, the inventive genius of Edison, Jr., his inventing this vibrator, the personal attention alleged to be given to the treatment by Edison, Jr., the laboratory of Edison, Jr., and his motives in offering the article for sale."

Signature Used.

Another feature in the case was the facsimile of the signature of Thomas Alva Edison, Jr., used by the company for a considerable time, but afterwards discontinued. It appears from the evidence that the company imitated the signature of Edison, Jr. in its opinion, Assistant Attorney General Goodwin says:

"The company throughout its literature expressly and impliedly seeks to convey to the public the impression that Edison, Jr. is a man of inventive genius as great as that of his father. For instance, the following was written by Manager Sparks:

"Never has the truth of the law of heredity been so well illustrated as it has in the Edisons—father and son."

It was disclosed Edison, Jr., was not the inventor; that under the agreement he had with the company he never received over \$25 a week, while the company sold thousands of the vibrators at \$8 per set at a large profit.

From the evidence before the department it appeared the vibrator was never patented. Examiner George W. Seely of the patent office found it inoperative. In February, 1902, Mr. Seely said the "so-called

battery cell appears to be inoperative." Amendments were proposed and a year later Mr. Seely found the device still inoperative, the body of the patent receiving little of the current in the circuit.

Among other representations to the public was one that the alleviation of human suffering was the object of the company, the profits being but slight.

Where Idea Originated.

Franklin Everhart and W. Newton Bennington in 1901 organized the Edison Chemical company, under the laws of Delaware.

After a few months' operation they were enjoined from using the name as a result of a suit brought against them by Mr. Edison. Their claim that a C. M. Edison was a member of their directorate, and that it was his name that was used by the company was not upheld.

Then Everhart, Bennington and certain other men in "the street" approached Thomas A. Edison, Jr., and secured a title to the right to use his name. They met young Edison in this city. He was impressionable, and it was therefore an easy matter for Everhart to get the boy to permit the use of his name in connection with a new company for a consideration of \$25 per week. With this accomplished, the concern known as the Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Chemical company was organized under the laws of Delaware.

Until they could hit upon some electrical term to give to the company's products the associates simply sold ink, bluing, paper, perfume and other commodities. One day young Edison happened to speak of an idea he had in connection with a medical electric battery. Everhart and Bennington seized upon the idea instantly. An application for a patent was sent to Washington. The answer came back that the affair was inoperative.

This did not deter Everhart in the least. He decided that he had the rough outline of an apparatus which might be trimmed up and made a wonderful invention. He secured the services of men who had some knowledge of electricity, and by December 6, 1902, had been able to construct a complex bit of head and body harness which was called the magneto-electric vibrator, and said to be capable of curing every disease known to man.

On that day he drew up a contract with Thomas A. Edison, Jr., assigning all rights to the latter and a royalty of \$2 on every vibrator sold, the price of the article being fixed at \$8.

How to Thomas Edison.

Thomas A. Edison, the veteran and brilliant inventor, after bearing for almost two years a heavy weight of sorrow because his son and namesake for a paltry weekly stipend plunged the family name into disreputable association, put all the energy of his declining years into the fight which came to a successful termination today.

The son, repentant and broken in health, is even now with the battle won, under the watchful eye of a nurse at Greenwood Lake, led in his present nervous condition he might unwittingly yield to the persuasion of other smooth-tongued men.

Reconciliation is at hand between father and son. The one is willing to forgive and forget, the other wants no more chance. So anxious was Edison, Jr., to take advantage of the friendly hand of aid which his father extended to him in September that he got up out of a sick bed and went to Washington as a witness in the case.

stories this year. A healthy plant on exhibition shows a mammoth peanut on the surface of the ground. Peanuts are not tubers, they tell the children who inquire, but a fruit, a seed pod, which in its last stages works itself into the earth. There are beautiful sensitive plants in this house, the foliage plants in green and white and red, a green and white pinesaple being one which is always interesting.

In the main greenhouse they have a small coffee plantation, raised since last year, and in the entrance one big coffee plant some eight feet high and in full fruit, good-sized pods, each containing a double berry. In the rear corner of the main conservatory is the most valuable plant in the collection, a great Australian flame tree at least twenty feet tall and with its leaf resembling that of the pin oak. The tree was in blossom last month, showing brilliant flame-colored blooms which will not be seen again for another year. This plant is a fine specimen valued at \$100.

In the center of the house is the big fern palm tree, with a fountain of silvery strings on the trunk well below the leaves, the fruit of the tree. There are enormous Chinese fan palm trees, whose leaves would make fans for giants, a sago palm with its husk-covered trunk, and an enormous banana tree, with a big bunch of half-grown bananas. These are the red variety. The leaves are seven and eight feet long.

Staghorn and elephant-ear ferns are always interesting in the fern house, and there is a new lot of orchids—the cattleya dowiana, a cream top and rich crimson lip, a beauty, a queer little leopard-spotted cyclopetalum mackayi, which is interesting.

Nothing is more beautiful than the tea roses in full blossom in the south greenhouse. These are trained across one end of the house—Pinks, the petals tinted with deep shell pink; the pearl de jardin, a deep yellow, and a large-petaled pure white blossom nightingale. President Palles of the park board has suggested many improvements in the plant work since he came into office. The exhibition will continue for a month.—New York Times.

COULD NOT STOP CRYING

Love Letters of a Constable in an Amusing Breach of Promise Case in an Irish Court.

The love letters of an Irish constable kept the Longford county court in roars of laughter the other day, when their author was sued for breach of promise. The judge, scenting amusement at the outset, cheerily remarked that the case would probably be a pleasant change after a long day of dull litigation. His forecast was correct.

Though he cried when he left her and did not know when he was going to stop, Constable Patrick Grealish, formerly of the County Longford force, and now stationed in County Mayo, did not marry Miss Agnes Fanning, a dressmaker, but chose someone else. Consequently Miss Fanning sought \$500 damages. She was awarded £65.

The couple became engaged in October, 1902. Grealish being then at Longford, and Miss Fanning living with her brother, who kept a public house opposite the barracks. When he had nothing else to do Grealish, according to Miss Fanning's counsel, says the Irish independent, spent his time in the public house making love to Miss Fanning. Then he was transferred to Drumlish, and love letters poured upon Miss Fanning by the shoal.

But his affections changed. The first intimation Miss Fanning had of the change was dramatic. She learned that her lover had married someone else.

Counsel was armed with a large bundle of the love letters. The following are extracts:

"It is needless to mention to you, my Agnes, I am ever yours as I know you know. Agnes, I could live in a wilderness and be happy as long as I could have you with me. But, dearest, it's something desperate on me to be separated from you. However, it's not long now, my dear, before I will be with you again. I am crying as much as when parting from you ever, and I am writing this letter I am going to stop. Not, I suppose, until you are with me."

"Well, darling, they are all glad to see me in Drumlish. Mrs. Burbage went so far as to kiss me on my arrival last night. (Laughter.) But I was never so tendered at, as we are from the same townland, as I am now."

Also Father Keville. When he met me he stretched me out his two hands, and the next thing he said to me was, 'Give me a half sovereign toward the building of the new chapel.' (Loud laughter.) I am sure he is a good man, and when leaving you yesterday, I mean my crying, I thought, 'I was more or less ashamed, darling, but I could not help it.'

"The next letter was a model of brevity. 'Just a few lines,' it ran; 'I am in very bad form for writing, as my hand is shaky.' It signed, however, 'Love to death' and three crosses."

"Subsequently he was in better form, though 'still lonesome.' It makes me very lonely to see all the market people going to Longford today, and your own dear face in the crowd. Well, my dearest Agnes, there is one matter now in the air, and I must mention to you, though, darling, at the same time makes me blush to have to admit it. That is our marriage, which is to come off before Advent."

"By myself am not in a position to carry out the wish of—that is to be married by this month. But, darling, it would be the wish of my heart that we could be married before the end of the year. Now, Agnes, darling, I suppose that the very lowly I am sure you will be able to attain that object; so, dearest, let me know by return if you will be able to give me that much. (Laughter.) Then, darling, we will be one until death."

His last letter was undated. It came from Lanesborough. It ran:

"My Dear Agnes: I have got the rings by this morning. It is God's will that you are all right, as you can keep any one of the rings you like, and send the other two back, as I must get them tomorrow. You can keep the case; it is free. I will put the rings on tomorrow. Goodbye, your loving Patrick. Send me a note tonight. Don't forget."

The defendant did not appear, but his counsel started the court by stating that the defense was insanity. He afterward explained that this was a jest. "But," he added, "if the jury took the bundle of letters I have here up to the room with them and looked them over they would come to the conclusion that a more imbecile bundle of productions was never written."

Miss Fanning gave it as her opinion that the letter asking for £10 was a mean one. She had written and told him so. She did not send the money.—London Mail.

WEAR TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS

Advice of a Shoe Salesman to Residents of the Eastern States.

"See you wear two pairs of socks," said the shoe salesman to the customer. "You are very wise. A good many people are beginning to do it, especially between seasons."

"People ought to do it all through the winter. There is more warmth in two pairs of summer socks than there is in the heaviest pair of woollens that ever was manufactured."

"If you are troubled with cold feet, you will find that the combination of a pair of woollens and a pair of lightweight socks—halfbrigan or like that—will do you up comfortably the coldest day that comes. If your feet are tender, you can wear the thread ones inside and the wool without. If you are extra cold reverse the process. Whichever you do, you will find the thin

pair easily doubles the value of the thick one.

"There is, generally speaking, an altogether wrong notion as to the best way to keep the feet warm. People ask for heavy soles and cork soles and insoles and fleeces, and think they are protecting their feet."

"It is all a mistake. The soles of the feet are not sensitive to cold. It is not through the soles that you catch cold or feel cold. Any ordinary shoe affords the feet all the protection necessary, so far as temperature is concerned."

"To avoid cold feet the ankles and instep should be protected. That's where your second pair of socks does its work. But, as a matter of fact, in very cold weather everyone should wear cloth tops covering the whole upper part of the shoe."

"With spats and doubled socks and medium weight shoes you can walk on ice in zero weather and not know it's cold—so far as your feet are concerned. Of course you feel the cold most in your toes, but the protection of the upper part of the foot where the larger blood vessels run down to the main thing is to keep your feet cool if the rest of your foot is warm."

"I'd like to sell you a pair of tops. These black ones would go with your new shoes. They're only—no, not this time? Well, call again."—New York Sun.

MILLIONAIRE FOR BUSINESS

Bank Clerk Who Handles a Hundred Millions During Each Year.

The handling of sums of money approximately \$100,000,000 each year is a feat with which few people have to trouble themselves. Lemoyne S. Hatch of Chicago is one of these few. Mr. Hatch is in charge of the "currency bin" of the First National bank and annually bank notes, silver certificates and gold pass through his hands to a total of the amount above named. He has been handling money for the last six years, so he has counted in his life something like over \$500,000,000. One night recently at a contest held by bank clerks he conclusively proved the old adage to the effect that practice makes perfect, by counting a total of \$6,000 in notes of various denominations in the record-breaking time of twenty-one minutes six and a half seconds.

This money, in the form of notes of different denominations, \$5, 10 and 20, was wrapped in one large package divided by strips into small parcels. In counting the money Mr. Hatch sorted the denominations together, counted them, wrapped them up in packages and made out a complete statement of the currency handled. Each package of each denomination was "proved" after being sorted and after being tied up, so in all the \$6 bills of which the amount consisted were handled three times, equaling the counting of 2,335 bills one time. This is considerably over 100 bills per minute.

"This is a little faster than we generally work during the day's work," said Mr. Hatch, "but still we count a good many notes each minute during the day. We work about seven hours each day and count money all the time. The counting of money in the currency bin of a bank like this is not the simple process that many people might think. There is one thing that must be attained in a department where there is each year handled \$100,000,000 in cash, and that is accuracy. The pains to which we go to obtain this will prove a surprise to many who imagine that money is counted by one man, then wrapped up and possibly proved by another."

"In handling the money in the currency bin it is not only necessary to properly count the amount handled. Money must be sorted into the different denominations and ballbrigan or like that, will do you up comfortably the coldest day that comes. If your feet are tender, you can wear the thread ones inside and the wool without. If you are extra cold reverse the process. Whichever you do, you will find the thin

ferent denominations and issues, must not only keep track of his count and sort out the denominations, but he must also watch the issues and do the same with them.

"It will be realized that to make a mistake under these conditions does not require much effort on the part of the clerk. So the money is proved three times, and when we are through with it you could look a long time without finding an error in it. This is not so much because of the effectiveness of the system as of the accuracy which the counter with years of practice acquires. In the contest held here last week the only error made in counting among all contestants was one of 2 cents, and that was made by a man adding checks on the adding machine."

"A man gets to be almost mechanical in accuracy if he is adapted to this work and stays at it long enough. It requires little mental effort on his part to count, and as for the physical end of it, while it is hard on the wrists and fingers as first, one gets used to it. I can thumb bills all day and not feel the least bit tired at night. But my hands and fingers are calloused, as you can see. No, most people don't get callouses on their hands from handling banknotes."

"The money that gives the most trouble in counting is the old bill and the one that is mutilated. This money is only counted so that it may be returned to the government, as the bank here only issues 'fresh' money. We get notes worn so thin that they seem ready to fall apart. These are harder to handle, of course. They stick together and otherwise give trouble. The bill with the corners torn off is nearly as troublesome."

"The theory of microbes abounding in old bills does not seem altogether to be able to stand alone when put to the practical test. If it did, I ought to have contracted every disease in existence. But the old money never troubled me, and my five assistants actually seem to thrive and grow fat handling it."—Chicago Tribune.

Congress of Foresters.

Early in the coming year an American forest congress will meet in Washington under the auspices of the American Forestry association. The congress is called

to consider the forests in their relation to the great industries closely dependent on them, such as lumbering, transportation, irrigation, mining and grazing. Its intention in general is to guard intelligently our forest resources, and bring to an end the ignorant and destructive ravage of the lumberman and the wood pulp man, who, left to themselves, would in a century denude the continent and provide the way for it to become a desert. The congress is of national importance, the president will address it, and its aims have the sympathy of everybody with sufficient intelligence to comprehend the bearing on the public welfare. The congress may bear in mind and flourish forth anew Humboldt's dictum that wherever man has appeared on the earth he has prepared the way for his extinction by his destruction of forests.—New York Tribune.

"MAMMY" CALLS ON "MISSY"

Old Colored Servant Brushes Aside Policeman and Pays Farewell Call on Bride.

While the last preparations were going on in the residence of Thomas E. Stillman of New York, the millionaire lawyer of 9 East Seventy-eighth street, for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Mary E. Stillman to Edward S. Harshbarger, a ticketed old farm wagon, occupied by a white-haired negro mammy and a wee plectaninky, drawn by a horse whose bones almost broke through its mud-colored hide, cluttered from Fifth avenue into Seventy-eighth street and halted before the Stillman doorway.

Down the stoop and across the sidewalk an awning had been erected. Underneath a width of soft carpet had been laid. Around the entrance uniformed policemen and detectives stood as a guard against curious loiterers.

As the strange vehicle drew up beside the curb the old negro woman rose to her feet, hunched the reins to the little boy at her side and began to smooth out the wrinkles in the gorgeous velvet gown she wore. As she patting her fiery two policemen darted forward. The first to reach her said "Move

on." Then he moved forward toward the horse as if he would lead it away.

"Yo' jes' let dat hawse lone, mister," retorted mammy.

"Before the copper had time to think the old negress had made a leap to the velvet carpet and grabbed his coat tail.

"But you can't stop here, auntie," he said.

"Can't stop hyah? Who can't?" she snorted. "Stuck, chile, you got 'way from hyah."

"But"—began the officer.

"Now, now," droned the old woman, "doan you reckon I knows what I wants! Heh?"

"Tommy," she said to the small boy in the wagon, "you take good keer o' dat wagin till grannie come back."

Without more ado, still shooting off the horse as if he would lead it away. A liveried servant got in the way here, but his objections were no more successful than those of the policeman.

"Doan you tink I knows what I wants?" she repeated. "Tse gwine to see my honey Missy before she gets married, Ise."

The first liveried servant called another. The negress shook both of them away.

About that time Mr. Stillman, hearing the commotion, hurried to the door.

"Why, 'tis Aunt Celia," he said.

"Sure 'tis honey," cried the old woman. "Ise des come to de weddin' an' dere's a letter presnt out der in der wagin fer Missy."

The policeman, detectives, butlers and footmen retired, defeated, as the lawyer ordered the door opened to the guest—"Celia Johnson, dat's mah name," as she described herself—who was the family servant of the Stillmans for thirty years, until the bride's father bought her a farm over Jersey way.

The present in the "wagin" was a huge pumpkin.—Chicago Tribune.

Valentine Hearing Monday.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—Joseph T. Valentine, president of the Iron Molders' Union of North America, was in police court today to answer to the charge of aiding and abetting and obstructing the destruction of property. The hearing of Mr. Valentine was set for Monday next. The case of Thomas Henson, charged with complicity in the murder of Weakley, a nonunion molder, was set for tomorrow.

WE HAVE ALL AGREED ON THIS SUBJECT PE-RU-NA THE NATIONAL CATARRH REMEDY OF AMERICA,



Has been welcomed by us all to relieve our people from the ravages of CATARRH AND CATARRHAL diseases.



to consider the forests in their relation to the great industries closely dependent on them, such as lumbering, transportation, irrigation, mining and grazing. Its intention in general is to guard intelligently our forest resources, and bring to an end the ignorant and destructive ravage of the lumberman and the wood pulp man, who, left to themselves, would in a century denude the continent and provide the way for it to become a desert.

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BEAUTY OF SKIN PURITY OF BLOOD

Ancient and Modern Ideas on These Interesting Subjects.

UP-TO-DATE METHODS

For Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Nails.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny, Plato a privilege of nature, Theocritus, a delightful prejudice, Theophrastus a silent cheat, Carnecades a solitary kingdom, Homer a glorious gift of nature, Ovid a favor of the gods. Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world, and yet none of these distinguished authorities has left us even a hint of how beauty is to be perpetuated, or the ravages of age and disease defied. Time soon bleeds the lily and the rose into the pallor of age, disease dots the fair face with cutaneous disfigurements and crimson the Roman nose with unsightly flukes, moths, if not rust, corrupts the glory of eyes, teeth, and lips yet beautiful by defacing the complexion, and fills the sensitive soul with agony.

It such be the unhappy condition of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the feelings of those in whom torturing humors have for years run riot, covering the skin with scales and sores and charging the blood with poisonous elements to become a part of the system until death?

It is in the treatment of torturing, disgusting humors and affections of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, that the Cuticura remedies have achieved their greatest success. Originated in competition, scientifically compounded, absolutely pure, unchangeable in any climate, always ready, and agreeable to the most delicate and sensitive, they present to young and old the most successful curatives of modern times.

NEW YORK'S FLOWER SHOW

Some 150 Varieties of Chrysanthemums Exhibited in Central Park Greenhouse.

There is a wealth of color in the exhibition of chrysanthemums which, with one of other flowers, opened Monday at the Central Park conservatory, Fifth avenue and One Hundred and Fifth street. There were some 150 varieties of the beautiful blossoms in all colors and shades, very evenly divided. A feature of the show was the mass of little Mispah chrysanthemums which formed a border to the larger plants, extending around the sides and center of the north conservatory. These are small plants with many little daisy-like blossoms, the greatest number of a deep magenta pink with here and there one of yellow or white.

Thomas Humphreys is the new chrysanthemum of the year; it is a beautiful rich terra-cotta, with yellow under petals, which turn up to form a medium sized and very pretty blossom. Rider Haggard is an old friend, with white petals and beautiful sunflower-like center; Shavings is a funny little narrow, curled petaled flower, tinted in yellow and red, which looks half wild; Silver Cloud is a big, creamy-white beauty, and the Petalunas are sharp petaled blossoms which look like small hedgehogs. Arcels and genetacs make a colorful background of green and in the center are big tree ferns and New Holland plants.

In the stove house adjoining the north greenhouse are the pitcher plants in which the children delight, and quite a crop of peanuts has been raised in the conserva-

GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE

The people who have to work need all the help they can get from the nerve tissues of body and brain.

It doesn't matter whether you work with your head or with your hands, if your work is worth while doing, you require health and strength to do it.

Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate contains all the nutriment in the cocoa bean, (and cocoa outranks nearly every other food in nourishing value). And more than this, it has the strength and flavor of the best Breakfast Cocoa and the mellowness of sweet cake chocolate together with a delicious flavor of its own. It being in condensed form is stronger and more convenient than cake chocolate for beverages as well as baking.

Look for the patented hermetically sealed cans used only by Ghirardelli. All others are imitations.

Made in California where its sale is double that of all other cocoas combined—a proof of its superiority.

